MOTHER.

IS THE BATTLE OVER?

— Mother, is the battle over?
Thousands have been slain, they say;
Is my father coming?.. Tell me:
Have our Soldiers gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?..
Mother, do you think he's slain?
If you know, I pray you, tell me:
Will my father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing,
Since you, last, the paper read;
Tell me why you now are crying,
Why that cap is on your head?
Ah!.. I see .. you cannot tell me
Father's one among the slain ..
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again!

Yes, my boy, your noble Father
Is one number'd with the slain ..
We shall not see him more on Earth,
But, in Heaven, we'll meet again;
He died for the Union's Glory;
Our day may not be far between;
But I hope, at the last moment,
That we all shall meet again.

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